

Light Musing (100 word tidbit)

by Angie

Vincent gazed at the threshold light, where his world joined Catherine's.

He knew she shone brightly, above, where he could not go. Candles and torches were mere illumination, too mellow for her spirit.

Yet she was coming, as always filled with love for him. Light wasn't a consideration.

But she belonged to the day, he the night. With Elliot, a man of her world, she would have both day and night.

Stop disseminating, he berated himself. Think.

What would Elliot do if she came into his arms, as now?

Of course. He could give her that. And he would. Always.